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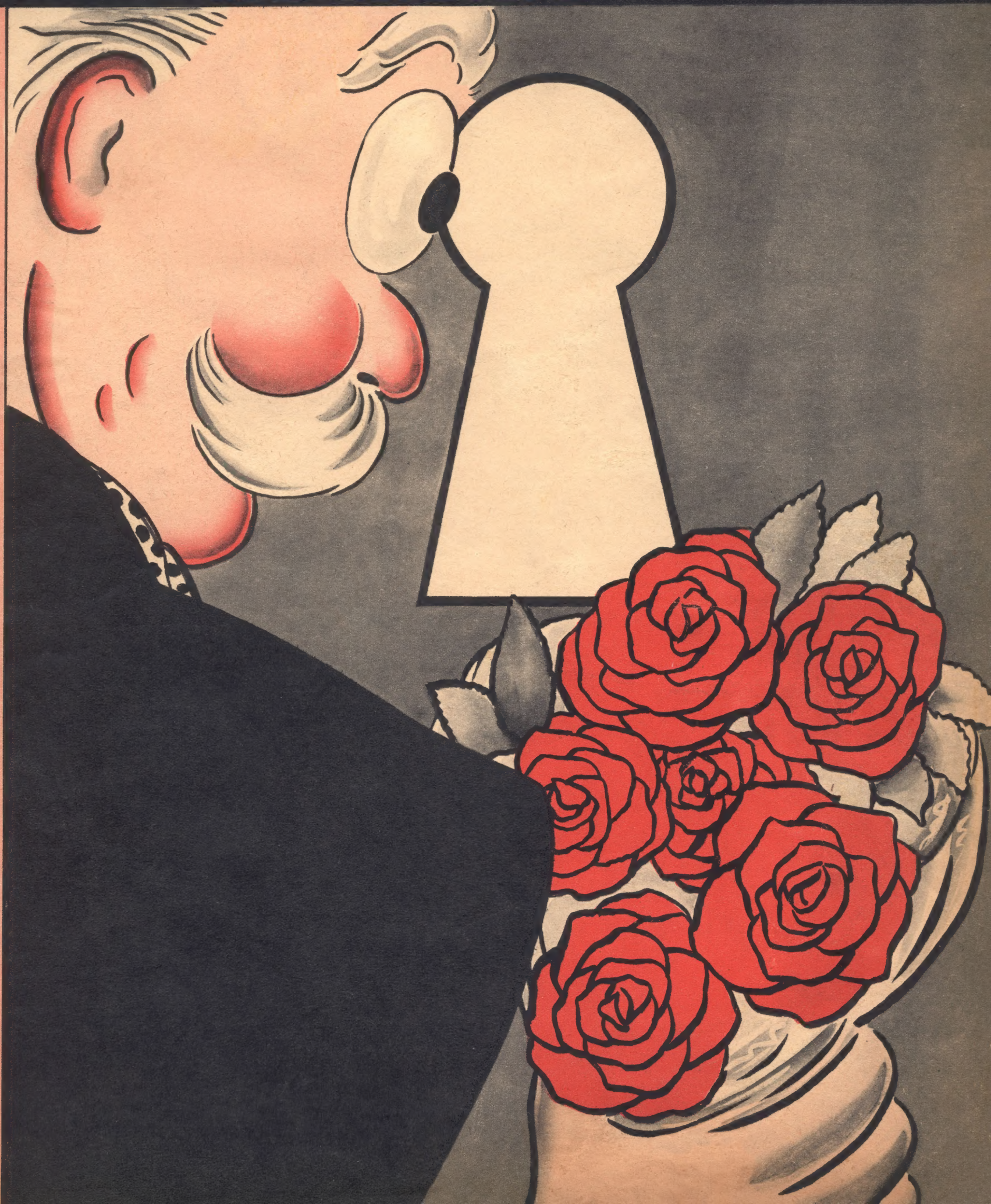
Peek

MAGAZINE

JANUARY
1938

A LOOK AT LIFE



I WAS IN THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR

For years I was out of a job. No one wanted me. They'd hire me but after a few hours they'd throw open all the windows and throw me out! I couldn't understand it. I had the looks, the figure, the brains! What was wrong? Why did my friends gasp for air when I came near? Why wouldn't some one tell me?

Another turn down! Popular on windy days but indoors a washout. Humiliated again.

Then one day I received a bulky package. I tore off the wrapper and out fell dozens of ads clipped from magazines. I read them all—each one told a story. Dish-pan hands, cosmetic skin, B. O., halitosis, dandruff, black heads, warts, house maid's knee, fallen arches! Had I been guilty—had I offended? All these years and I never knew!

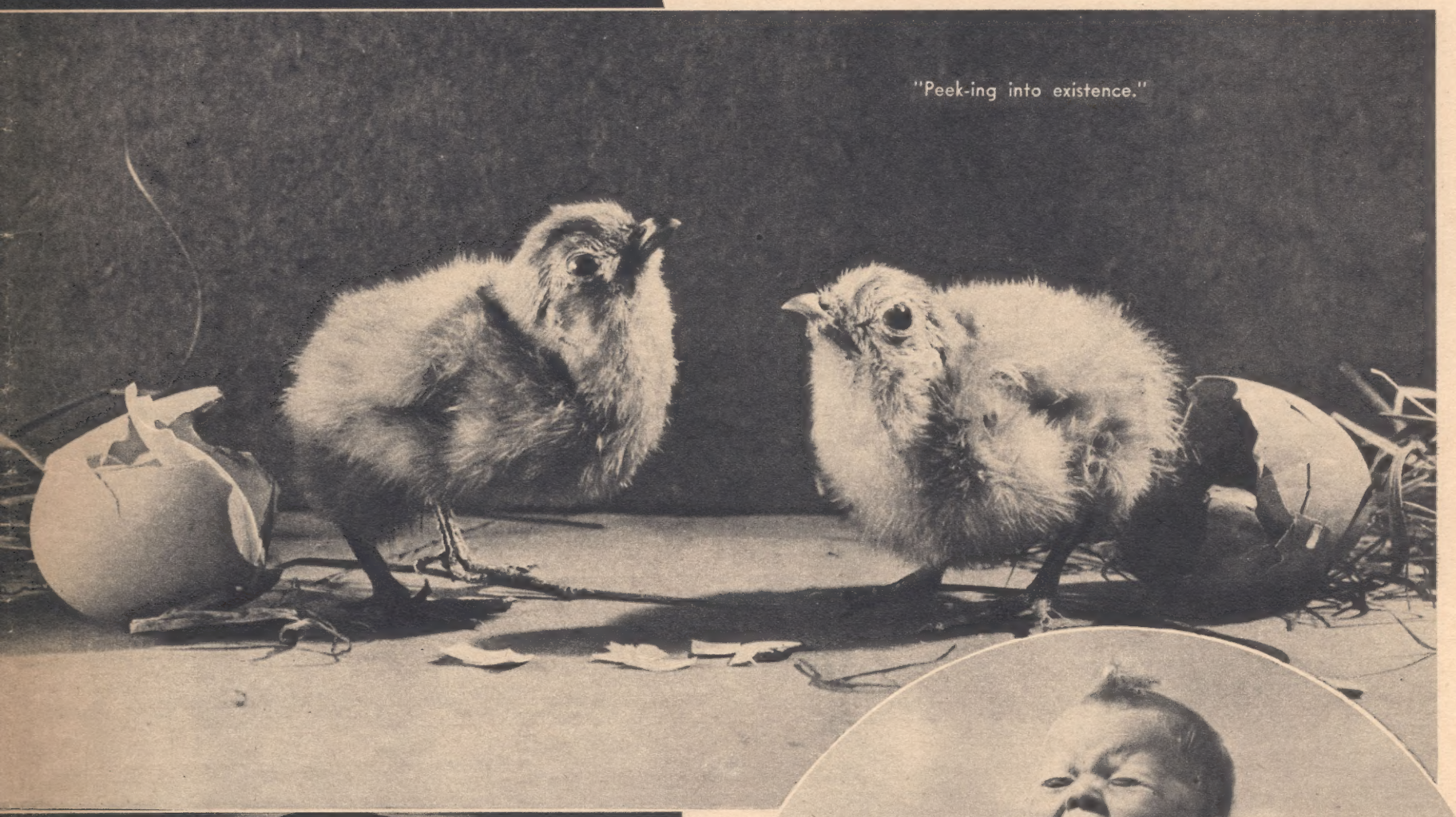
But I didn't let it get me down. I worked, I slaved, I even took a bath! And then—my skin became like rose petals—my hair like midnight madness—my hands soft as a zephyr—my breath like new-mown hay. Gosh! I was gorgeous!

Yes, dear reader, I got the job—the job of my dreams. All my girl friends were crazy to get it—Female diver for the Zowch Pool Cleaning Co., and I owe it all to those dear, dear ads!

Peek MAGAZINE

A Look at Life

HI FOLKS, with this first number Peek brings to you, and you, and you a key-hole view of the world. In bridge a peek is worth three finesses, so, in life, a peek in time would save many a disappointment. In this and subsequent issues you will be given an inside peek at politics, love, sports, life in general, and, we hope, many a good laugh.



"Peek-ing into existence."

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Baby Joe E. Brown has just learned of Senator Black's appointment to the Supreme Court.

Charlie McCarthy the "Adam" of a New Race?

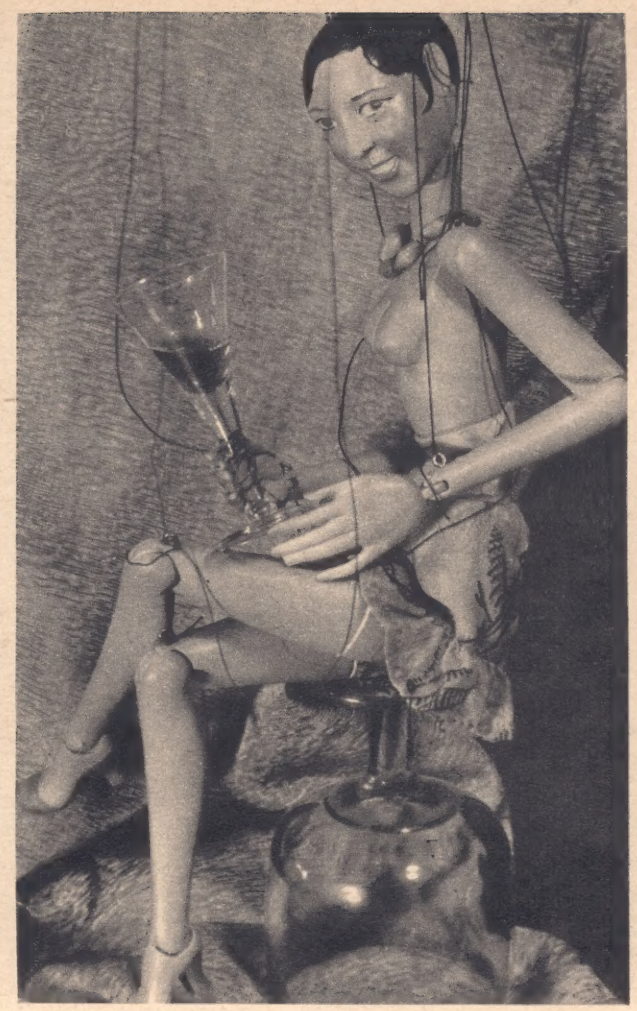
We peek with alarm at the growing popularity of Charlie (Casanova) McCarthy, W. C. Field's diminutive little chum. Just suppose this termite's dream-man makes good his amorous boasts—and the world becomes overrun with wooden effigies of the once proud human race. Can Bergen hold him in check or will Charlie, like Frankenstein's creation of old, go forth and create a new race—a new social order—a new deal of wooden men and iron quips? Great heavens—think of it—already we have some of them in congress. McCarthy when interviewed exclaimed, "I'm happy about the whole thing." Perhaps in 1978, Fuhrer McCarthy will rule the world. The thirteenth new deal is under way and the dummy populace cheer the elimination (by decree) of all work for everyone, except a few rugged individuals on exhibition at the government zoo.

CHARLIE McCARTHY AND EDGAR BERGEN discuss balancing the budget in 1978. "I'll balance the budget by spring," says Charlie, "But don't ask me what spring!"

Two new members of McCarthy's Supreme Court. Justices Laurel and Hardy about to pass on a flock of new laws.

Charlie McCarthy's girl friends "Peek-ing."

Clementine Ebony



Lulu Hardwood

Mlle. Yvonne Maple

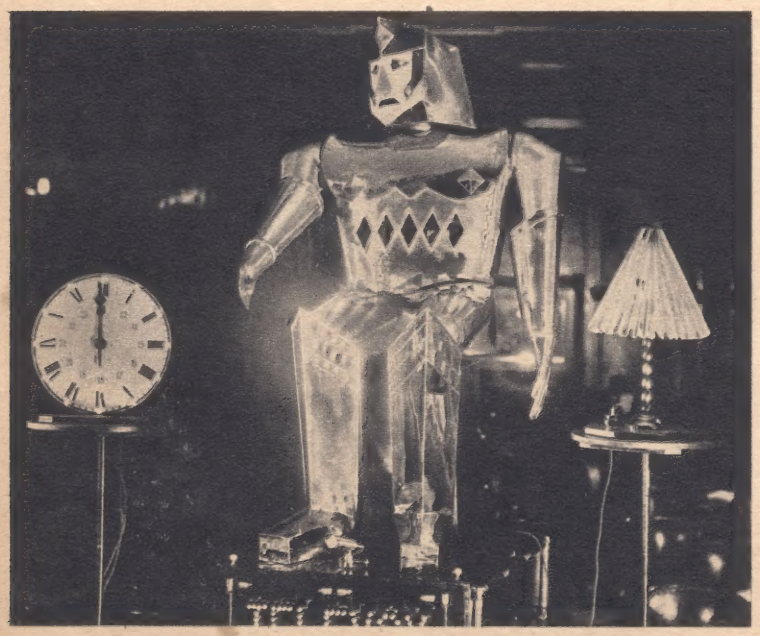
PHOTOS FROM CHARLIE'S LOVE ALBUM

Dorothy Lamour and Casanova McCarthy.

Reducing in 1978 is ple matter of sand paper and arnish.

The Q.I.O. Manufacturing Bigger and Better Strike Pickets

Q. I. O. EXPERTS WORRIED that perhaps their new workers may develop brains, carefully inspect each mechanism before putting it out on the picket line.



NEW ALL-METAL robot picketeer for use against "cossack cops."

THE Q. I. O. FACED WITH A STRIKE of pickets build their own non-voting robots to picket striking pickets. Strikers, formerly hired by Q. I. O. to picket all industry now demand a raise in picketing pay, shorter picketing hours, triple pay on rainy days and padded pants for sit-downers. "It's an H. F. L. conspiracy to break down the Q. I. O. United Front," says the leader.

STRIKING TAXI DANCER about to be disciplined by Q. I. O.'s robot delegate from Big Apple Union for wondering what happens to all the union dues paid in by the members.

PEEK ALONG AMERICA'S NEWS FRONT

LARRY (TARZAN) CRABBE holds Betty Grable up on the Paramount lot so the cameraman can see what made Tarzan wild.

SELA FAXWELL AND COUNT IGBAY EARSAY sit down at one of her famous costume parties at the Aldorf Fostoria. Sela is dressed as the 1938 budget.

Halter Hinchel working late.

PEEK-ULIAR FISHING

THE NEWEST RIVIERA SPORT, hunting fish, while swimming. No longer need the fisherman trust to blind luck, now he can look into the depths, sight the fish he wants and, wham!, with the harpoon. With this method of fishing you won't go out for sail fish and come home with only a fillet of sole.

ALEC KRAMARENKO inventor of this unique sport is shown coming out of the water with a good haul.

PEEK-ULIAR FISHING
(CONTINUED)

"SUCKERS" ALONG BROADWAY or Main Street bite on this type of bait at all times. They swallow such lines gladly and will hover for hours around a curb-side spieler. Even the smart ones get hooked—even as you and I!

PITCH MEN AT WORK

THE UNITED ORDER OF EXCAVATION WATCHERS are ardent devotees of the pitch man's art. The rapt expressions and interested attention of the watchers attest the ability of these sidewalk merchants to hold their audiences. Everything from mind reading to corn cures can be found along these streets, when the cops aren't around.

PEEK AT A PARTY

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN AFFAIR was the latest brawl given by the D'Munkins at their large estate Ham-on-rye. Mrs. D'Munkins, the former Lady Blah (before that the Countess Miah, Before that the fifth wife of the Banana Baron, before that the blond, second from right in the first row), wore leopard trimmed with apple peelings.

The Duke of Speedsor and wife arrive in a very jovial mood.

Tommy Hanville samples refreshments.

Hold onto your hats, here we go again.

The guests pronounced the food excellent—and licked the platters clean.

One of the guests, the morning after the night before.

Too much party—bail requested.

PEEK ON THE ROAD TO RENO

"TOO many divorces" thunder our churches, and torch-bearer Peek key-holes a few reasons why. These are guaranteed to eliminate unwanted or out-worn "other halves" and are firmly established causes of divorce. Rid your home of marital ties the Peek easy way. One sure plan of making love's young dream end in a nightmare is to go around in a sloppy kimona most of the day and leave the lavatory cluttered up with toilet articles, pastes, creams, and hair combings. Or, just as hubby drops off to sleep, suddenly remember to call up Lizzie Tish about next week's bridge game. A good long conversation, with plenty of "Mi-dears,"—"so she says to me's,"—and other clichés, is a sure way of getting divorce grounds—by assault and battery charges. No referee can resist beauty's appeal for freedom when she's wearing a couple of shiners or a busted nose.

IN FORMER YEARS the poetical wife who put her career before her marriage duties was liable to be stuffed in a sack and thrown into the river. Our ancestors were much more direct than we today.

GROWN UP CHILDREN who play at the table, especially when the best cloth is being used, are either divorced or shot. The former is recommended, unless you look very well in black, and it's much less messy.

Say WOMEN

OFF KEY SINGING in the shower in a stag-party baritone is very conducive to marital woe. If there's a baby in the house wait until it's just been put to sleep and then bellow your loudest. Also, raising a beard or placing the feet on the best chair and cleaning the shoes with the wife's underwear is guaranteed to break up any romance, or your head.

PEEK AT SANTA

THE BUSIEST MAN ON CHRISTMAS EVE is dear old Santa Claus. Not only must he deliver toys to boys and girls all over the world but, according to these pictures, he must change his costume for different countries as well. On the left is Santa emerging into a U. S. A. home, W. P. A. project number 32,000,391. Below we see how they do it in Austria. If you've been a good little boy or girl you get the gifts, if not you get the works. Moral: don't buck the party in power.

In Norway Kriss Kringle (Santa to you) dons skis and snow glasses.

In Czechoslovakia Santa is a real Saint Nicholas.

The Swiss want to be different. Yep—that's their idea of Santa Claus.

PEEK-ING AT PICTURES

A distortograph of Stuart Erwin using the new third dimensional film.

Stuffing the Christmas Goose. (No junior, that's not a Congressman being instructed in new deal "musts.")

BABY GIRL ENJOYS HER CORONA

Patsy Grimmett of Glendale, California is only two and one half years old but she finds a big cigar adds to her enjoyment as she plays with her doll. Smoking since she was a year old, Patsy has graduated from the sissified cigarette to a real gal's smoke.

NEW DEAL PLAYS SUPREME COURT

FOR CONSTITUTIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

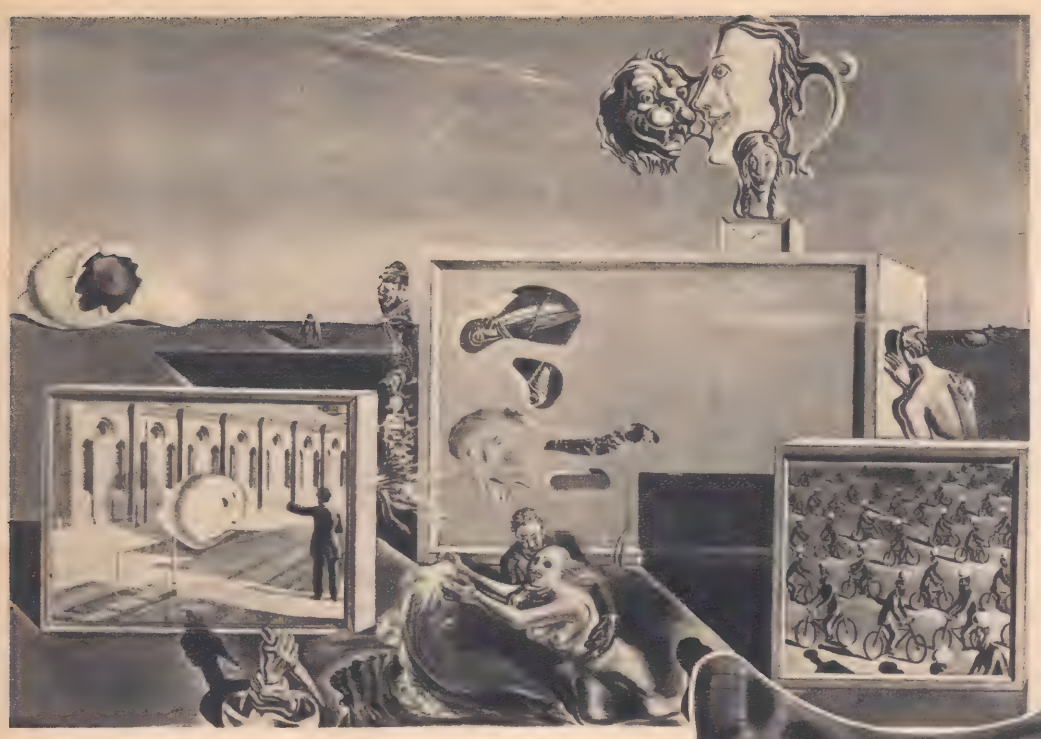
PEEK AT ART

NEW DEAL brain trusters aren't the only ones who can make a person gasp. Peek at these examples of "fine" art as the newer generation interprets it.

BELA KADAR presented this conception of a mother and her baby at a recent exhibit. On the right is a face executed (you said it) by a pupil in the new school of art at Weimar, Germany. The trick is to make something out of a handful of junk. Below is a painting "The City of Drawers" by S. Dali. You figure this one out for yourself.

PEEK AT ART (CONTINUED)

ON THE LEFT "LES PLAISIRS ILLUMINES" by Salvador Dali. And this, my frans, is modern art, surrealism to be exact. But don't try to be exact because exactness is exactly what modern art is the exact opposite of, that's it, exactly!



Reclining Figure by Henry Moore.

Old man, Woman and Flower by Max Ernst.

The Elephant Celebes by Max Ernst.

BABIES

No picture book complete without them.

This little one year old miss loves her daily shower and towel in the garden.

Georgia Tech's football team felt so sorry for their coach Alexander's sparse head that they shaved their hair off in sympathy.

Ive Runhard—the "Podunk Flash"—cooling his puppies after winning the 15¼ mile dash.

A PEEK AT SPORTS

Before the days of six day bike races, riders were higher up in the world. They don't look any too happy about it tho!

Professor Burr McFladdon advocates this exercise six hours a day with a diet of one lettuce leaf and half an orange for a long and hungry life.

Dorothy Lamour
shows what today's star looks like in contrast to yester-years.

MODELS—HOW AND WHEN!

IN THE BEST HOLLYWOOD TRADITION

PEEK-ULIARITIES

* * *

Science and Invention

A new hot water bottle for the face. Very beneficial for that icy stare.

PROFESSOR WHIFFENPOOF INVENTS new automatic cigarette lighter. To operate follow these simple instructions: Wet sponge (A) with water from glass (B), which causes it to fall into pan (C), pulling string (D), which opens door to cage (E), releasing rat (F), which drops on board (G), knocking pin point (H), into balloon (I), which bursts and drops wheel (J), to raise weight (K), which in turn drops and pulls cord lighting lighter (L), he hopes.

Ray Hapman Candrews, the famous Paleontologist, having delved into bones so much, begins himself to look like one of his fossil finds.

A RADIO made of old tin cans, a bottle, a clothes pin, a cigarette and some razor blades—and, believe it or not, it works. In fact its reception compares favorably with many bought sets.

SIR OSWALD MIDDLEBULGE —Hambridge '16 — and his favorite caddy, Ning Krawsby. Sir Oswald is being hailed as the John Bunyan of Junglewood. They say he can knock over an ostrich with a niblick at 300 yards and play the best of them using only an ash tray, a toothpick and a feather duster.

The four Larks Brothers at the first tee during the recent African open golf tournament at ritzy Junglewood Club.

A PEEK INTO PRIVATE LIVES

Lady Oswald Middlebulge follows through.

CECIL AND FERDINAND Middlebulge. (Don't look now, but we think Mammy topped that shot.)

Sandra Storme displays the latest in Hollywood gowns.

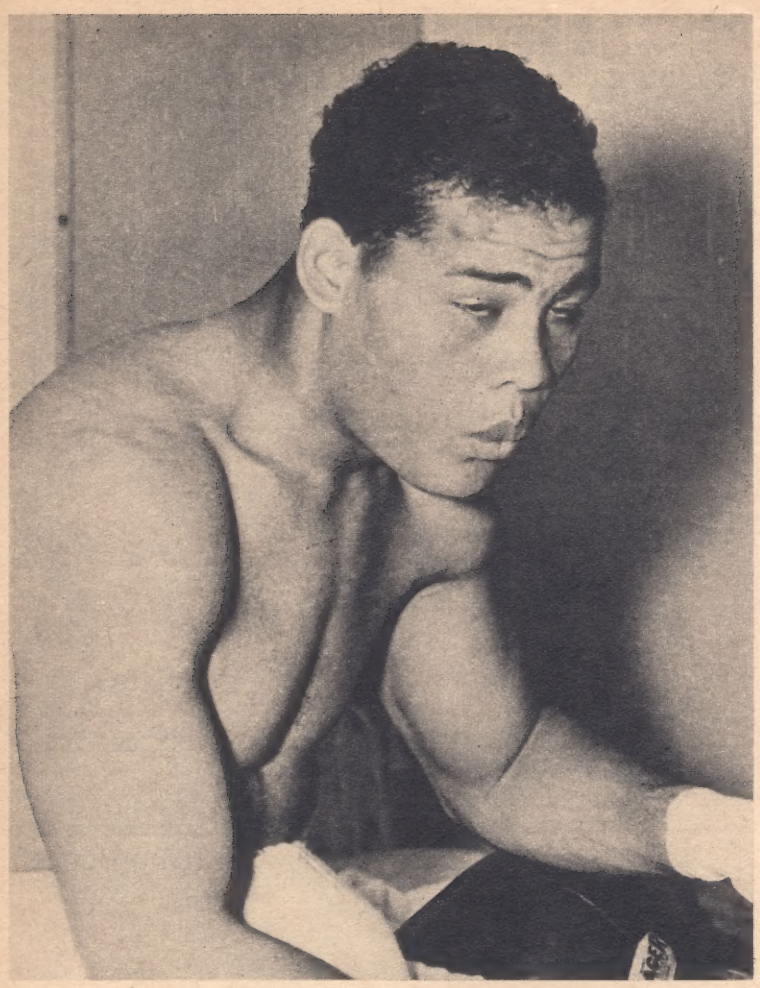
STYLE PEEK

FOR SOUTHERN WEAR the swim suit above is recommended but you'd better make it very, very south—about Patagonia we'd say. The corsets are by Polyneaux, the winter under-garb is from Lord and Whalers' new debutante shoppe. Hair styles by the Seven Southerland Sisters.

A PEEK BACKWARD

FLORA FINCH AND JOHN BUNNY, two of the best loved movie stars, when movies were in their infancy. Those were the days of Nickelodeons, Illustrated Songs, Real Westerns and Serial Dramas. Remember "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl," "Convict 999," "The Diamond from the Sky"? Then came "The Spoilers," "The Squawman" and later "The Mark of Zorro." Those were the days.

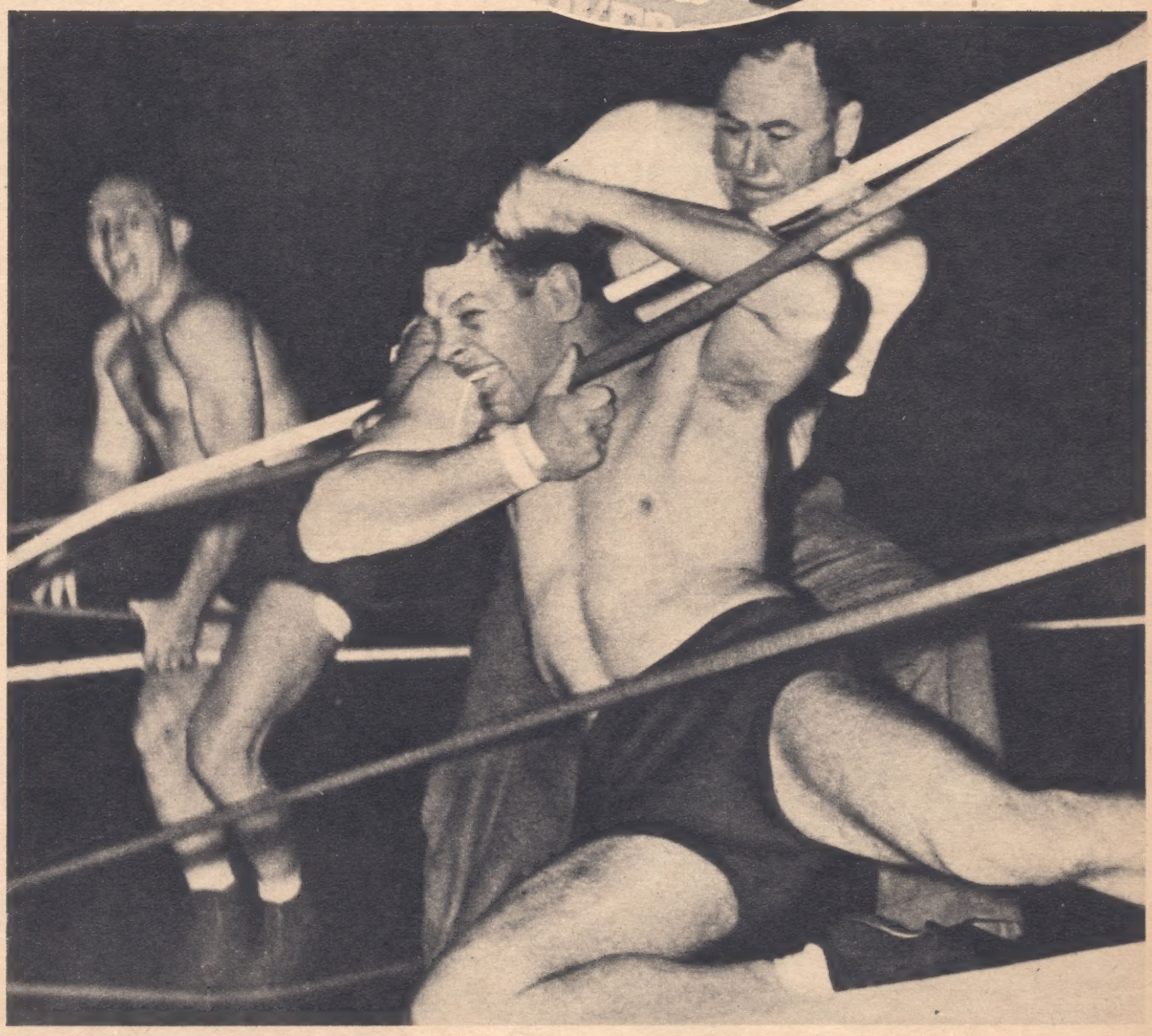
A PEEK AT FACES



Joe "Dead Pan" Louis expressing wide awake interest at the news Max Schmelling is here again.

Whooping for Work. Unemployed demonstrator shouting "we want work."

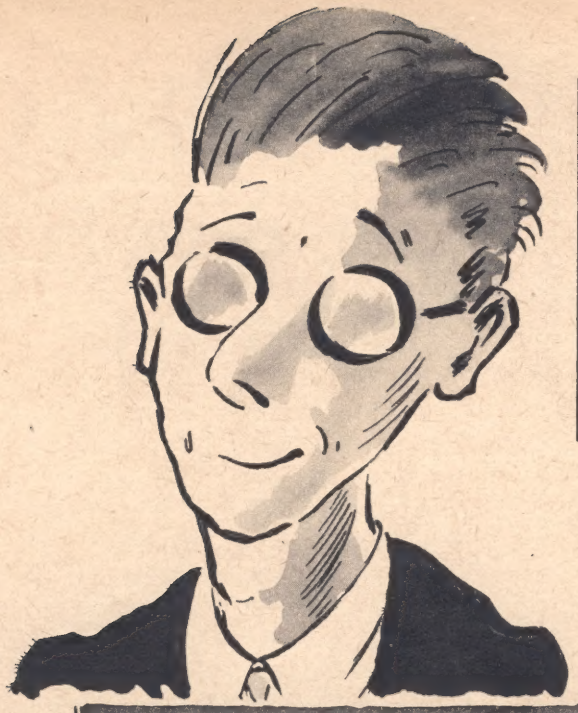
Below, Judy Canova doing the "Hill Billy Hop."



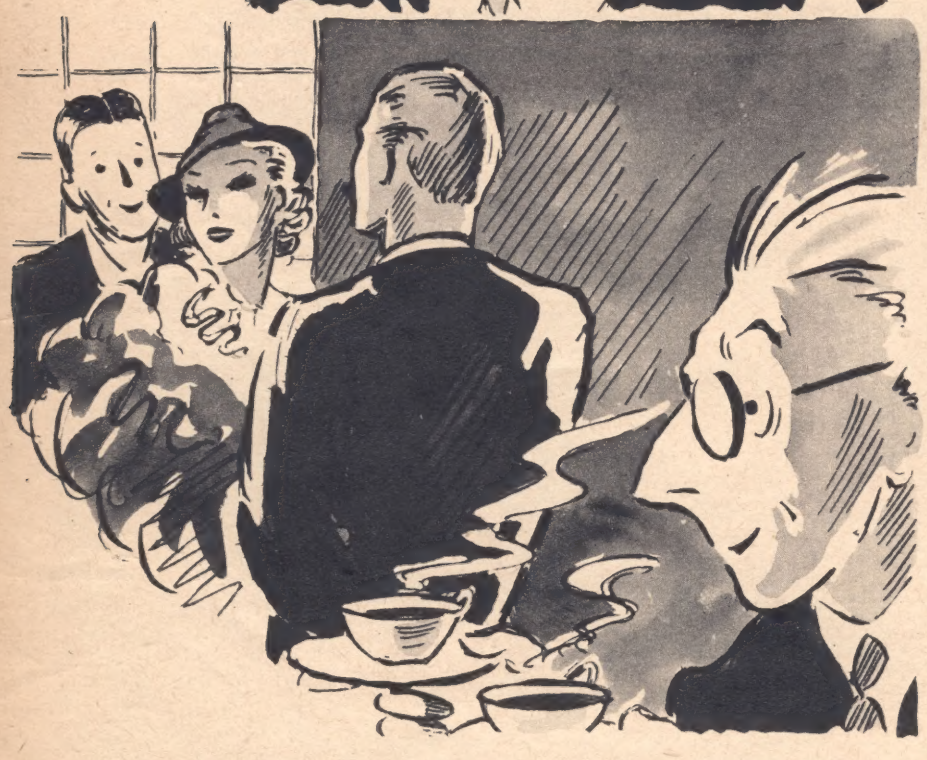
THE ROPE STRANGLE

A new bit of sadistic divertissement was introduced to wrestling at San Francisco, when "The Red Phantom" applied the rope strangle to Pat Meehan. While the "Phantom," left, lets out howls of glee, the referee tries to extricate the hapless Meehan who grimaces horribly. But then it may be more panegyrics than pain.

"Turn Me Down, eh?"



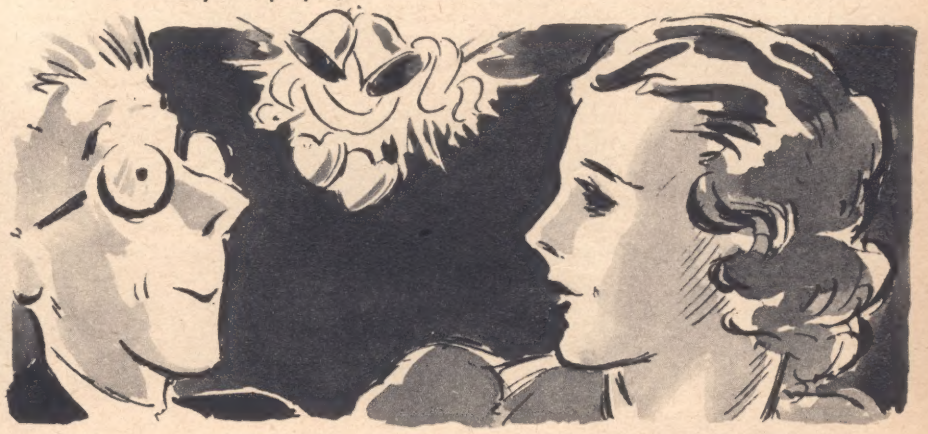
1. I had been going with Dotty for quite a while but everytime I got up to the point of proposing to her she'd edge away so I never did get to ask her. Last year she met a new fellow in town and I guess she fell for him pretty hard because their engagement was announced soon after and the wedding was planned for the following June.



2. At the wedding reception a brilliant thought struck me. I knew Dotty and her new husband loved coffee so I brewed a large pot of Tanka, and saw to it that he drank at least four full cups.

3. Sure enough, Tanka came through, and did he sleep! For three full days he slept and snored—and was Dotty burned up!—What a honeymoon! After three days of playing Mrs. Rip Van Winkle she came home alone.

4. She no sooner arrived than off she jumped to Reno. Said she wouldn't stay married to a dead bunny no matter how handsome he was.



5. Needless to say when she returned I was on deck as the reception committee and hurried her off to the license bureau while she was on the downbeat. I owe all this to Tanka, the coffee that makes you sleep, but believe me it won't be in my house—not for a while anyway.

TANKA COFFEE

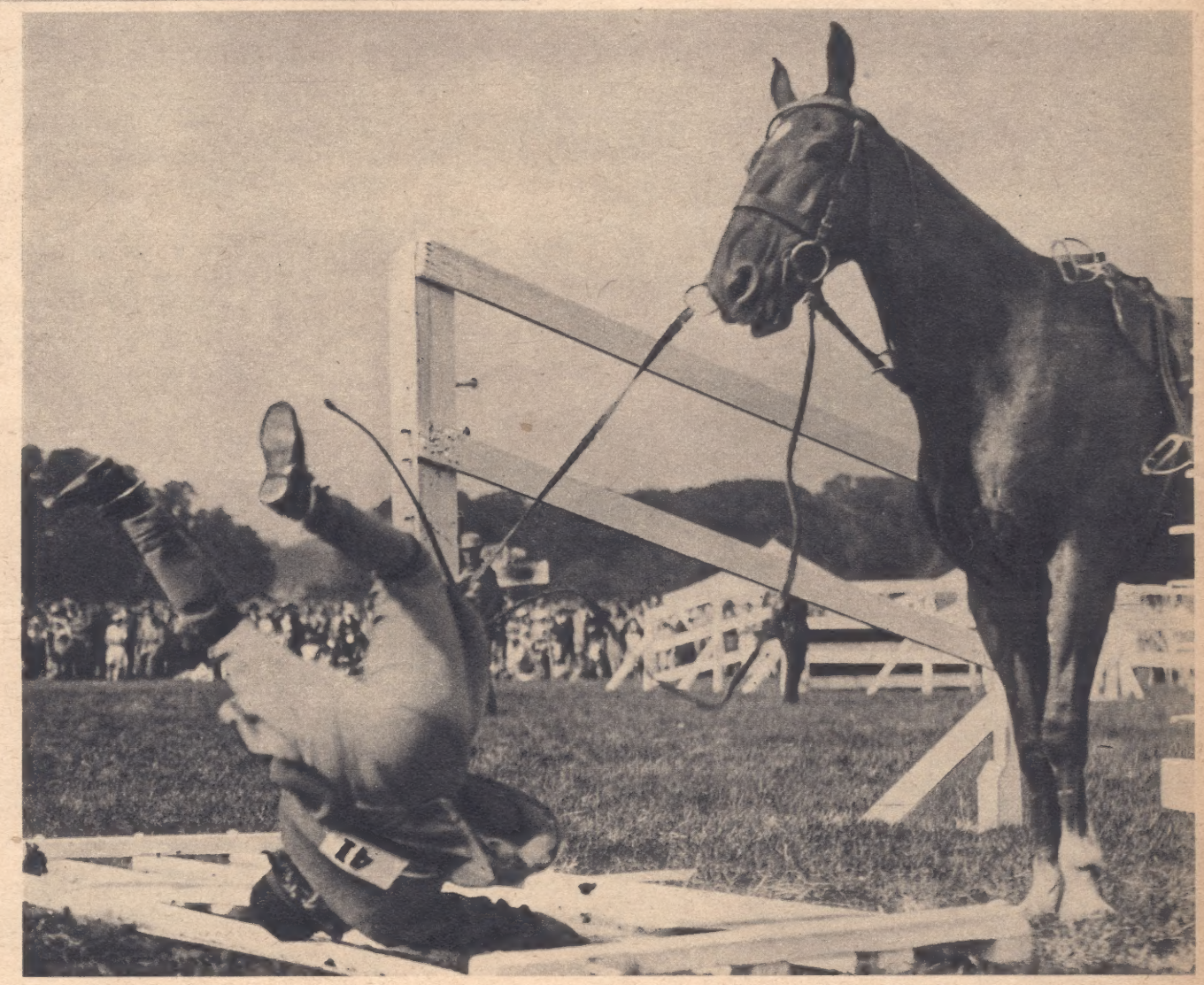
··Drink it and Sleep

The Rouse Sisters Have Been Picking 'Em Up Since '63

"Sea shell saving is but one of our many hobbies," says Arra, the one on the left. "We also find many, many Giraffes in our searchings. Giraffes are so 'tres l'owsay' we pick them up everywhere and hardly smoked at all. When we get tired and nervous from gathering sea shells, old bottles, and other treasures we try to relax with a Giraffe. They've got something, a certain natural aroma usually found only in circuses and pet shops. We might not walk a mile for a Giraffe but we would for a neck like that."

Miss Glenda Fullbottom Needs a Quick "Lift"

"I'm in horse shows 40 to 70 hours per week," writes Miss Fullbottom, "and riding is so hard on both your nerves and your, er, nerves, I feel the need of a Giraffe to give me a lift often. Especially in jumping. I always carry Giraffes in my back pocket, they're so smooth. I would have made this hurdle if some one in the stands hadn't shouted 'Get a Giraffe.' My horse, who likes Giraffes too, heard this and stopped short, but, being a bit deaf, I kept on going. On a horse or on my ear you won't catch me without a Giraffe handy. No sir! Whenever I get a face full of tan bark I take time out for a Giraffe and get a quick 'lift'. A little glue on my saddle and a Giraffe in my mouth—Yippee, I'll ride 'em all."



Giraffes never get off your nerves

Ghastlier Tobaccos

The secret of Giraffes' finer flavor is in three magic letters, D. S. C. Millions of people have smoked Giraffes and never another. If you are not a Giraffe lover try one, try two. See what we mean? That's the ghastlier tobacco!